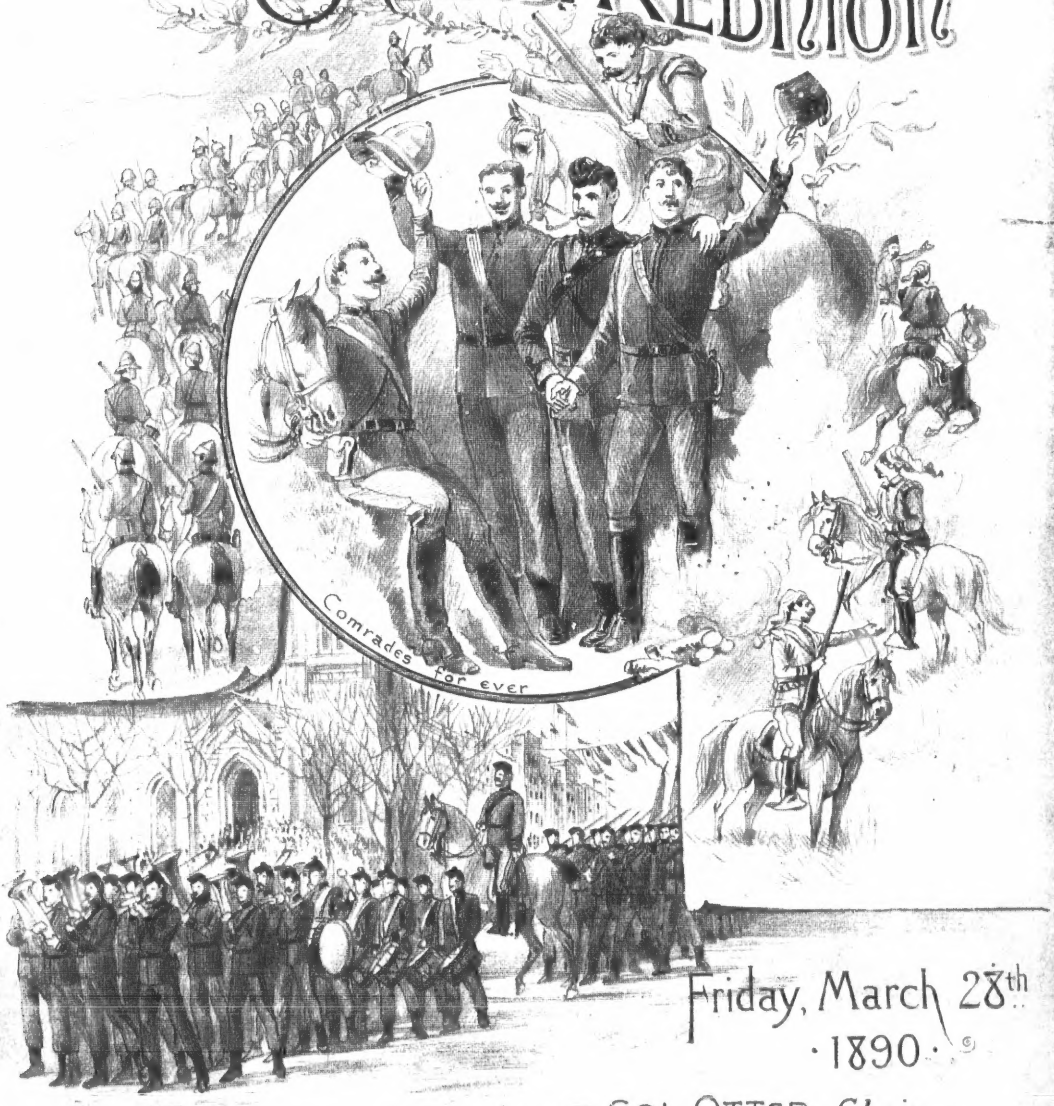
1890-3

Battleford Column

48

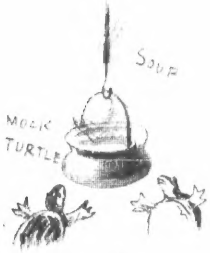
Grand Reunion



Friday, March 28th
1890

Lieut. Col. Otter, Chairman

Rolph, Smith & Co Toronto.



Menu.

Blue Points on Half Shell.

SOUP.

Mock Turtle,
Chicken, Consomme, a la Macedoine,

FISH.

Boiled Halibut, Dutch Sauce.
Broiled White Fish, a la Maitre de Hotel.
Baked Speckled Trout, Sauce Madere.

ENTREES.

Fillets of Sweetbreads with Mushrooms. Chicken Patties.
Lobster Cutlets, Anchovy Sauce.

BOILED.

Turkey, Oyster Sauce. Pickled Beef Tongue.
Leg of Southdown Mutton, Caper Sauce.

ROAST.

Ribs of Beef, Horseradish Sauce. Roast Goose and Apple Sauce

QUEEN'S OWN PUNCH, ROMAN.

GAME.

Prairie Chicken, Brown Gravy. Stewed English Hare.

ENTREMETS.

English Plum Pudding, Battleford Sauce.
Cabinet Pudding, Otter Sauce (Hotter.) Apple Pie.
Rhubarb Pie.

SWEETS.

Charlotte Russe. Wine Jelly. Italienne Cream. Chocolate Cream.

SLICED TOMATOES, LETTUCE,
CHEESE (STILTON.) BISCUITS.

ICES.

Neapolitan Ice Cream. Orange Water Ices.

DESSERT.

Assorted Fine Fancy Cakes and Pastries.
Meringues. Macaroons. Fine Jumbles. Iced Cakes. Fruit Cake.
Cocoanut Cake. Sandwich Layers. Wine Cake.
Neapolitan Sandwich Cake.

FRUIT.

Apples. Oranges. Bananas. Nuts. Raisins.
Figs. Dates.

COFFEE. LEMONADE.

VEGETABLES.

Mashed Potatoes. Stewed Tomatoes. Green Peas.
Boiled Parsnip. Boiled Turnips.

HARRY WEBB, CATERER.

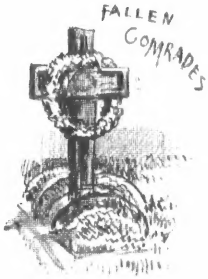
THE QUEEN.

"The angels sang in heaven when she was born."—*Longfellow.*

THE GOVERNOR GENERAL.

"Let all men do honor to the representative of our gracious Queen."
—*Beaconsfield.*

THE ARMY, NAVY, AND AUXILIARY FORCES.



THE OLD BRIGADE.

"Come, let us drink it while we've breath."—*Car. Coll.*
"For auld lang syne."
"And he who will this toast deny,
Down among the dead men let him die."—*Dyer.*

FALLEN COMRADES.

Forever more the youthful limbs are still;
The young, the gallant, and impulsive brave,
Now rests beside the far off western hill,
And wild flowers blossom by his lonely grave.

IMPERIAL FEDERATION.

"THE OLD FLAG."

Tis only a bit of bunting?
Only a tattered rag?
But we'll fight to the death, as our fathers fought,
For the dear old British flag.
Who dares to lay a hand on it,
Who dares to touch a fold,
Shall find that Britons' sons to-day
Can fight as they fought of old.

Three crosses in the Union,
Three crosses in the Jack,
And we'll add to it now the Maple-Leaf,
And stand by it, back to back:
For ours is the dear old flag, my boys,
The dear old British flag;
Though we dwell apart
We are one in heart,
And we'll fight for the grand old flag.

THE MAYOR AND CORPORATION.

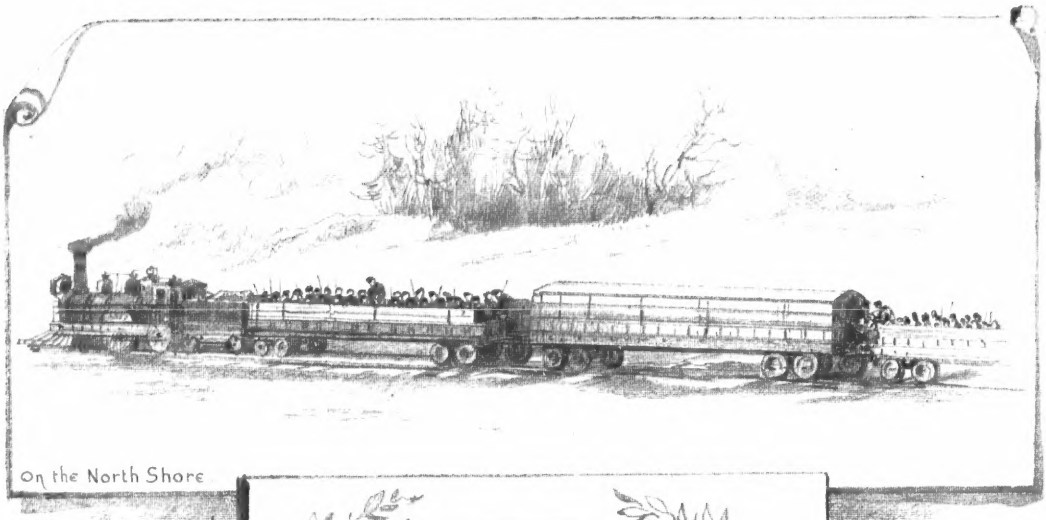
OUR GUESTS.

"You are welcome, sirs, welcome all."—*Hamlet.*
"We'll have a speech straight; come, give us a taste of your quality."
—*Hamlet.*

THE PRESS.

THE LADIES.

"But, oh! ye lords of ladies intellectual,
Inform us truly, have they not henpecked you all?"—*Byron.*



On the North Shore